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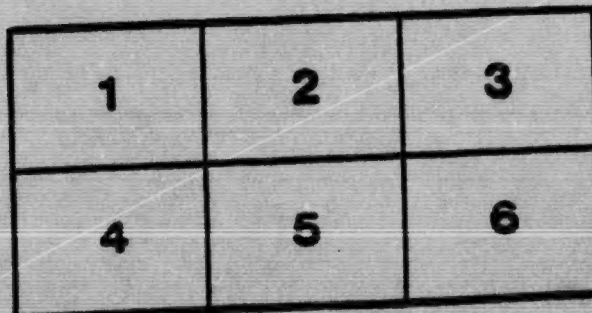
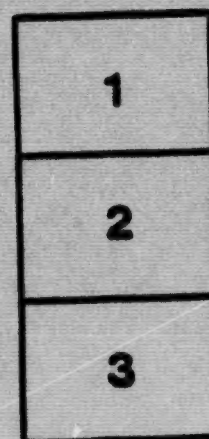
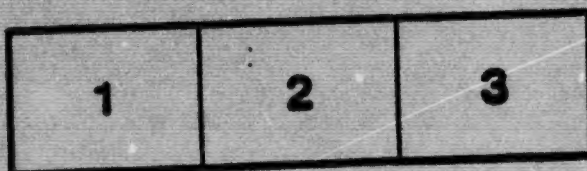
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The
Symphony of Life •

By **H. D. Watson**

Give each new day
its own good cheer;
All other days apart,
And every day through-
out the year,
Keep Christmas in thy
heart.

Albert F. D. Watson.

To Jennie Fidler.

Ariel Press • Westwood Ma. 1.

Not in Webster

The Symphony of Life



LOVE brooded over the years till his voice was heard like the sound of bells pealing across the desert. As I journeyed, I looked eagerly thru the shadows that I might see Love's face emerge from the darkness.

When it appeared it was as the face of God. And all the way I was intent with open ear to hear the great anthem of deep-toned bells pealing like a symphony out of the silence. But I heard also the jargon of the creeds, and perceived that they who were intent upon such things heard not the deeper voices, being too busy with *things* to care for the heart of things, and pleased with their own opinions to hear the songs of the angels.

Now Faith and Hope joined me in the way and showed me the path over the drifting sands.

And another walked at my side, and as he seemed to be wise, I asked him: "Whereunto doth this desert path lead?"

"It leadeth" said he "to the land of clear vision and self-realization. The sands are the coverings that hide the face of the real. All that is is within thee. God's promise is in thine own heart. The face of Love, the forms of Hope and Faith, the voices of Nature and the subtler appeal of personality are but images seen in a glass. That which is at the heart of things is thine own life. Thou needest nothing outside thyself. Let the voices within respond to the call of life, and thou shalt have joy and comradeship, and the thrill of it all shall be as the fire that leaps to beauty in the heart of a jewel.

When I heard these things, I knew that he who spake to me was Wisdom. Being mindful of his words, I turned my thoughts inward wondering what further light would break. Then I heard a voice within me saying: "To him whose heart is as the heart of a little child, the earth is full of heaven, silence is music, beauty is the heart of the shadows. Listen again and thou shalt hear the voices of the ancient years."

I did so and lo, the years came back with silent feet and whispered, and I heard each generation telling the next of a world of light within the shadows, of a sphere of music more intimate than the senses. And the voices of the years rang clear thru my soul, albeit the noises of time were thundering across the world.

Then I knew that the voice of Love and the word of Wisdom are the same, all the music of the silence, the whispers of eternity, the voice of God one symphony of life. I pierced the shadows and semblances, the masks and wrappings of life, for clear vision had come and self-realization. And now I see that the purpose of life is not the achievement of a destiny, nor the doing of things that we may rest when they are done, but life is altogether for life's sake, for the joy of living as children who play together and are glad. All true life is an arrival and there is no end. Death is not a terminal, but a door to a new house of life. Every moral crisis is a judgment day and the present is eternity.

We are alive that we may live. Love is no

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longer an arrest of love's appeal, but an entrance to a larger vision, a deeper intensity, a fuller expression of life. Faith is not a belief in a God who lives only in a world to which we are going. It is a fire kindled on the altar of life—a fire of which creeds are but the ashes.

I now expect no reward for another's sacrifice, no escape from myself except by slaying the inferior that the nobler may appear. Hope is to me a beacon flaming from the hills of victory, the triumph of all God-conquered lives flinging beams of light and beauty into the deep heart-eyes of the world.

What am I doing *now*?

I am in the garden of life calling you to play with me.

A. D. Watson

